JENNIE BAXTER:

By ROBERT BARR.

IX.-An Unlooked-For Encounter.

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At 9 o'clock the long train came to a 1 standstill, seventeen minutes late, at Luga, and ample time was allowed for a leisurely breakfast in the buffet of the station. The restaurant was thronged with numerous passengers, most of whom seemed hardly yet awake, while many were unkempt and disheveled as if they had had little sleep

Jennie found a small table and sat down heside it, ordering coffee and rolls from the waiter who came to serve her. Looking the cosmopolitan company and listening to the many languages whose clash gave a babel air to the restaurant, Jennie fell to musing on the strange experiences she had encountered since leaving London. It seemed to her she had been taking part in some ghastly nightmare, and she shuddered as she thought of the lawlessness, unempire, where even the ruler was under the surveillance of his subordinates, and could not get a letter out of his own dominion in safety were he so minded. In her day dream she became conscious, without noting its application to herself, that a man was standing before her table; then a voice which made her heart stop said:

"Ah, lost princess!" She placed her hand suddenly to her throat, for the catch in her breath seemed to be suffocating her, then looked up and saw Lord Donal Stirling, in the ordinary every-day dress of an English gentleman, as well groomed as if he had come, not from a train, but from his own house. There was a kindly smile on his lips and a sparkle in his eyes, but his face was of ghastly pallor. "Oh, Lord Donal!" she cried, regarding him with eyes of wonder and fear. "What

is wrong with you?" "Nothing." the young man replied with an attempt at a laugh, "nothing now that I have found you, Princess. I have been making a night of it, that's all, and am May I sit down?"

He dropped into a chair on the other side of the table and went on. "Like all dissipated men, I am going to breakfast on stimulants. Waiter," he said,

"And waiter," interjected Jennie in French, "bring two breakfasts. I suppose it was not your breakfast you ordered just

now, Lord Donal?" "I have ordered my breakfast," he said. "Still it pleads in my favor that I do not carry brandy with me, as I ought to do,

and so must drink the vile stuff they call their best here." "You should eat as well," she insisted, taking charge of him as if she had every

right to do so. have found you, but don't be surprised if I | portion of it entirely to ourselves." have but little appetite."

"What is the matter?" she asked breathlessly. "You certainly look very ill." "I have been drugged and robbed," he replied, lowering his voice. "I imagine I came to close quarters with death itself. I have spent a night in Hades and this morning I

am barely able to stagger, but the sight of you, Princess- Ah, well, I feel once more that I belong to the land of the living!" "Please do not call me Princess," said | confusion. the girl, looking down at the tablecloth. "Then what am I to call you, Princess?"

"My name is Jennie Baxter," she said in "Miss Jennie Baxter?" he asked eagerly,

with emphasis on the first word. "Miss Jennie Baxter," she answered, still

not looking up at him. He leaned back in his chair and said:

"Well, this is not such a bad world, after all. To think of meeting you here in Russia! Have you been in St. Petersburg,

"Yes. I am a newspaper woman," explained Jennie hurrledly. "When you met me before, I was there surreptitiously, write a report of it for my paper. I can your kindness to me that evening."

kindness you are good enough to say I ren- | Vienna. Say you are engaged to be mardered to you. You knew my address, and ried to Jennie Baxter and ask her to teleetiquette demanded that you should make graph you at Berlin." your acknowledgments."

"I was reluctant to write," said Jennie, a smile hovering round her lips, "fearing my graph office Jennie said to him, "Wait a letter might act as a clew. I had no wish to interfere with the legitimate business of | get my rugs and hand bag." Mr. Cadbury Taylor."

"Great heavens!" cried the young man. "How came you to know about that? But. of course, the Princess Von Steinheimer told you of it. She wrote to me charging all sorts of wickedness for endeav-

"No, Lord Donal, I did not learn it from her. In fact, if you had opened the door of room at Mr. Cadbury Taylor's a little quicker, you would have come upon me, for I was the assistant who tried to persuade him that you really met the Princess Von Steinheimer."

Lord Doral for the first time laughed beartily.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all! And I suppose Cadbury Taylor hasn't the slightest suspicion that you are the person he was looking fer?" "No, not the slightest."

"I say, that is the best joke I have heard in ten years," said Lord Donal, and here, breakfast arriving, Jennie gave him his di-

"You are to drink a small portion of that brandy," she said, "and then put the rest in your coffee. You must eat a good breakfast, and that will help you to forget your troubles-that is, if you have any real trou-

"Oh, my troubles are real enough!" said the young man. "When I met you before, princess, I was reasonably successful. We even talked about ambassadors, didn't we, in spite of the fact that ambassadors were making themselves unnecessarily obtrusive that night? No; I am not joking. It is true. I was given a commission, or, rather, knowing the danger there was in it, begged that the commission might be given me. It was merely to take a letter from St. Petersburg to London. I have failed, and when that is said all is said."

"But surely," said the girl, "you could not be expected to ward off such lawless robbery as you have been the victim of?" "That is just what I expected and what I supposed I could ward off. In my profession, which, after all, has a great similarity

to yours, except that I think we have to do more lying in ours, there must be no such word as fail. The very best excuses are listened to with tolerance, perhaps, and a shrug of the shoulders, but failure, no matter from what cause, is fell doom. I have failed. I shall not make any excuses. will go to London and say merely, "The Russian police have robbed me.' Oh, know perfectly who did the trick and how it was done. Then I shall send in my resignation. They will accept it with polite words of regret, and will say to each other: 'Poor fellow! He had a brilliant career before him, but he got drunk, or something. and fell in the ditch.' Ah, well, we won't talk any more about it."

Then you don't despise the newspaper profession, Lord Donal?"

"Despise it! Bless you, no! I look up to it, belonging myself to a profession very much lower down in the scale of morality, as I have said. But, Princess," he added, leaning toward her, "will you resign from the newspaper if I resign from diplomacy?"

The girl slowly shook her head, her eyes on the tablecloth before her. "I will telegraph my resignation," he said, impetuously, "if you will telegraph yours to

"You are feeling ill and worried this morning. Lord Donal, and so you take a | aged it." pessimistic view of life. You must not re-

"Oh, but I must! I have falled, and that "It isn't enough. You must do nothing until you reach London."

"I like your word must, Jennie," said the der cover of law, of this great and despotic | young man audaciously. "It implies something, you know."

"What does it imply, Lord Donal?" she asked, glancing up at him. "It implies that you are going to leave the

'lord' off my name."

"That wouldn't be very difficult," replied "I am delighted to hear you say so," exclaimed his lerdship, "and, now that I may

know how it sounds from your dear lips, "No; if I ever consented to omit the title,

I should call you Donal. I like the name in He reached his hand across the table.

"Are you willing, then, to accept a man at the very lowest ebb of his fortunes? I know that if I were of the mold that heroes are made of I would hesitate to proffer you a blighted life. But I loved you the moment I saw you, and, remembering my fruitless search for you, I cannot run the risk of losing you again. I have not the courage."

She placed her hand in his and looked him for the first time squarely in the eyes.

"Are you sure, Donal," she said, "that I am not a mere effigy on which you are hanging the wornout garments of a past affection? You thought I was the princess

"No, I didn't," he protested. "As soon as I heard you speak I knew you were the one "bring me a large glass of your best I was destined to meet."

"Ah, Donal, Donal, at lover's perjuries they say Jove laughs! I don't think you were quite so certain as all that. But I, too, am cowed, and I dare not refuse you." Lord Donal glanced quickly about him. The room was still crowded. Even the Berlin express gave them a long time for breakfast and was in no nurry to rove westward. His hurried gaze returned to her

"What an unholy spot for a proposal," he whispered, "and yet they call Russia "All shall be as you say, now that I the Great Lone Land. Oh, that we had a rich.

The girl sat there, a smile on her pretty lips that Lord Donal thought most toutalizing. A railway official announced in a loud voice that the train was about to resume its journey. There was a general shuffling of feet as the passengers rose to take their

"Brothers and sisters kiss each other, you know, on the eve of a railway journey,' said Lord Donal, taking advantage of the

Jennie Baxter made no protest. "There is plenty of time," he whispered. "I know the leisurely nature of Russian trains. Now I am going to the telegraph office to send in my resignation, and I want you to come with me and send in yours.'

"No, Lord Donal," said the girl. "Aren't you going to resign?" he asked

"Yes, all in good time; but you are not." "Oh, I say," he cried, "it is really imperative! I'll tell you all about it when we get on the train.'

"It is really imperative that you should not send in your resignation. Indeed, Donal, you need not look at me with that surprised fraudulently, if you like. I was there to-to | air. You may as well get accustomed to dictation at once. You did it yourself, you never thank you enough, Lord Donal, for know. You can't say that I encouraged you. I eluded the vigilant Cadbury Taylor as "Your thanks are belated," said the young long as I could. But, if there is time go to man, with a visible attempt at gayety. "You | the telegraph office and send a message to should have written and acknowledged the the real princess, Palace Steinheimer,

> "I'll do it," replied the young man. When Lord Donal came out of the telemoment till I go into the sleeping car and

> "I'll go for them," he cried impetuously. "Oh, no!" she said. "I'll tell you why later. The conductor is a villian and was in collusion with the police." "Oh, I know that!" said Lord Donal. 'Poor devil! He can't help himself. He

> must do what the police order him to do while he is in Russia. "I'll get my things and go into an ordinary first-class carriage. When I pass this door you must get your belongings and come and find me. There is still time and don't want the conductor to see us to-

"Very well," said the young man, with exemplary obedience. When the train started they were seated together in a far forward carriage. "One of my failings," said the girl, that I act first and think afterward. I am sorry now that I asked you to send that

telegram to the princess.' "Because I have a great deal to tell you, and perhaps you will wish to withdraw from the rash engagement you have undertaken.' "A likely thing!" cried the ardent lover. "Indeed, Miss Princess, if you think you can get rid of me so easily as all that, you

"Well, I want to tell you why I did not allow you to resign." Slowly she undid the large buttons of her jacket. Then, taking it by the lapel and holding it so that no one else could see, she drew partly forth from the inside pocket the large envelope until the stamp of the embassy was plainly visible. Lord Donal's opened to their widest capacity and his breath seemed to stop. "Great heavens!" he gasped at last. "Do you mean to say you have it?"

"Yes," she said, buttoning up her jacket again. "I robbed the robbers. Listen, and I will tell you all that happened. But, first, are you armed? "Yes," he replied: "I have a trumpery revolver in my pocket. Little good it did me

by noon to-day. If the Russian authorities find, before that time, how they have been checkmated, and if they have any suspicion that I am the cause of it, is it not likely that they will have me stopped and searched on some pretense or other?' "They are quite capable of it." he said but, Jennie, I will fight for you against the

"Very well; we shall be across the frontier

whole Russian empire, and somebody will get hurt if you are meddled with. The police hesitate, however, before interfering with a messenger from the embassy or any one in his charge in broad daylight on a crowded train. We will not go back into that car, but stay here, where some of our fellow-countrymen are." "That is what I was going to propose, said Jennie. "And now listen to the story I

have to tell you, and then you will know exactly why I came to Russia."
"Don't tell me anything you would rather not," said the young man hurriedly. "I would rather not, but it must be told," The story lasted a long time, and when it was ended the young man cried enthusiastically in answer to her question: Blame you? Why, of course I don' blame you in the slightest. It wasn't Hardwick who sent you here at all, but Providence. Providence brought us together, Jennie, and my belief in it hereafter will be unshake.

Jennie laughed a contented little laugh and said she was flattered on being considered an envoy of Providence. "It is only another way of saying you are an angel, Jennie," remarked the bold

the object of so much contention and placed it in the hands of her lover.

"There," she whispered, with a tiny sigh, for she was giving up the fruits of her greatest achievement; "put that in your dispatch box and see that it doesn't leave there until you reach London. I hope the Russians will like the copy of the Daily Bugle they find in their envelope."

The two chatted together throughout the long ride to Berlin, and when 11 p. m. long ride to Berlin, and when 11 p. m. and the Schlesische station came at last they still seemed to have only begun their conversation, so much more remained to be The telegram of the princess was randed to Lord Donal at Berlin. "I congratulate

you most sincerely," she wired, "and tell Jennie the next time you see her"-Lord Donal laughed as he read this aloud-"that the Austrian government has awarded her £30,000 for her share in enabling them to recover their gold, and little enough I think it is, considering what she has done." "Now, I call that downright handsome of

the Austrian government," said Lord Donal. "I thought they were going to fight us when I read the speech of their prime minister; but, instead of that, they are making wedding presents to our nice girls." "Ah, that comes through the good-heartedness of the princess and the kindness of the prince," said Jennie. "He has man-

"But what in the world did you do for the Austrian government, Jennie?" "That is a long story, Donal, and I think a most interesting one. "Well, thank heaven that we have a long journey for you to tell it and me to listen."

And saying this, the unabashed, forward young man took the liberty of kissing his fair companion good night there amid all the turmoil and bustle of the Schlesischer Bahnhof in Berlin. It was early in the morning when the two met again in the restaurant car. The train had passed Cologne and was now rushing up that picturesque valley through which runs the brawling little river Vesdre. Lord Donal and Jennie had the car to them-

selves, and they chose a table near the center of it and there ordered their breakfasts. The situation was a charming one. The broad clear plate-glass windows on side displayed in rapid succession series of pictures well worth viewing-the densely wooded hills, the cheerful country houses, the swift roaring stream lashing itself into fleecy foam, now and then a glimpse of an old ruined castle on the heights, and in the deep valley, here and

there a water mill.

It was quite evident that Jennie had slept well, and, youth being on her side, her rest had compensated for the nightmare of the Russian journey. She was simply but very effectively dressed and looked as fresh and pretty and cool and sweet as a snowdrop. The enchanted young man found it impossible to lure his eyes away from her. and when, with a little laugh, Jennie protested that he was missing all the fine scenery he answered that he had something much more beautiful to look upon, whereat Jennie blushed most enticingly, smiled at him, but made no further protest. Whether it was his joy in meeting Jennie, or the rehis hight's sleep, or his relief a finding that his career was not wrecked, as he had imagined, or all three together, Lord Donal seemed his old self again and was as bright, witty and cheerful as a boy home for the holidays. They enjoyed their breakfasts with the relish that youth and a healthy appetite give to a dainty meal well served. The rolls were brown and tcothsome; the butter, in thick corrugated spirals, was of a delicious golden color, cool

The coffee was all that coffee should be and the waiter was silent and attentive. Russia, like an evil vision, was far behind, and the train sped through the splendid scenery swiftly toward England and home. The young man leaned back in his chair, interlaced his fingers behind his head and gazed across at Jennie, drawing a sigh of deep satisfaction.

"Well, this is jolly," he said. "Yes," murmured Jennie, "it's very nice. I always did enjoy foreign travel, especially when it can be done in luxury; but, alas! luxury costs money, doesn't it' "Oh, you don't need to mind! You are

That is true. I had forgotten all about "I hope, Jennie, that the fact of my traveling on a train de luxe has not deluded you regarding my wealth. I should have told you that I usually travel third-class when I am transporting myself in my private capacity. I am wringing this pampered elegance from the reluctant pockets of the British taxpayer. When I travel for the British government, I say, as Pooh Bah said to Koko in 'The Mikado,' 'Do it well, my boy,' or words to that effect.

"Indeed," laughed Jennie, "I am in somewhat similar situation-the newspaper is paying all the expense of this trip, but I shall insist on returning the money to the Bugle now that I have failed in my mis-

"Dear me, how much more honest the newspaper business is than diplomacy! The idea of returning any money never even occurred to me. The mere suggestion freezes my young blood and makes each particular hair stand on end like quills of the fretful porcupine. Our motto in the service is 'Get all you can and keep all you get,' " "But, then, you see, your case is different

You did your best to succeed and I failed through my own choice, and thus I sit here a traitor to my paper.' "Well, Jennie," said the young man, picking up the dispatch box, which he never allowed to leave his sight, and, placing it on the table, "you've only to say the word and this contentious letter is in your possession again. Do you regret your gener-

"Oh, no, no, no! I would not have i back on any account. Even looking at the matter in the most materialistic way, success means far more to you than it does to me, As you say, I am rich; therefore I am going to give up my newspaper career. suppose that is why women very rarely make a great success of their lives. A woman's career so often is merely of incidental interest to her; a man's career is his whole

"What a pity it is," mused the young man, "that one person's success generally means another person's failure! If I were the generous, whole-souled person I sometimes imagine myself to be. I should refuse to accept success as the price of your failure. You have actually succeeded, while I have actually failed. With a generosity that makes me feel small and mean, you hand over your success to me, and I selfishly accept it. But I compound with my conscience in this way. You and I are to be married; then we will be one. That one shall be heir to all the successes of each of us and shall disclaim all the failures of each. Isn't that

"Excellent," replied Jennie. "Nevertheless I cannot help feeling just a little sorry for poor Mr. Hardwick." "Who is he-the editor?"

"Yes. He did have such faith in me that seems almost a pity to disappoint him.' "You mustn't trouble your mind about Hardwick. Don't think of him at all. Think of me instead. "I am afraid I do and have done for some time past. Nevertheless I shall get off at Liege and telegraph to him that I am not

bringing the document to London. "I will send the telegram for you when we reach there, but if I remember rightly what you told me of his purpose he can't be very deeply disappointed. I understood you to say that he did not intend to publish the document even if he got it." "That is quite true. He wished to act as the final messenger himself and was to

meet me at Charing Cross station, secure the envelope and take it at once to its des-"I must confess," said the young man with a bewildered expression, "that I don't see the object of that. Are you sure he told you the truth?" "Oh, yes! The object was this: It seems that there is in the Foreign Office some

crusty old curmudgeon who delights in baffling Mr. Hardwick. This official-I forget his name; in fact, I don't think Mr. Hardwick told me who he was-seems to forget the Daily Bugle when important items of news are to be given out and Mr. Hardwick says that he favors one of the rival papers, and the Bugle has been unable so far to receive anything like fair treatment from him, so Mr. Hardwick wanted to take the document to him, and thus convince him there was danger in making an enemy of the Daily Bugle. As I understood his scheme, which didn't commend itself very much to me. Hardwick had no intention of making a bargain, but simply proposed hand over the document and ask the Foreign Office man to give the Bugle its fair share in what was going. "Do you mean to say that the official in

question is the man to whom I am to hand

this letter?"

"Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle! Why, that is Sir James Cardiff, the elder brother of my mother! He is a dear old chap, but I can well understand an outsider thinking him gruff and uncivil. If the editor really means what he says, then there will be no difficulty and no disappointment. If that is needed is the winning over of old Jimmy to be civil to Hardwick, guarantee that. I am the especial protege of my uncle. Everything I know I have learned from him. He cannot understand why the British government does not appoint me immediately ambassador to France. Jimmy would do it to-morrow if he had the power. It was through him that I heard of this letter, and I believe his influence had a good deal to do with my getting the commission of special messenger. It was the chagrin that my uncle Jimmy would have felt had I failed that put the drop of bitterness in my cup of sorrow when I came to my senses after my encounter with the Russian police. That would have been a stunning blow to Sir James Cardiff. We shall reach Charing Cross station about 7:30 o'clock to-night, and Sir James will be there with his brougham to take charge of me when I arrive. They crossed the frontier without inter- this under the canopy of Charing Cross? to Lord Donal." ference, and once in Germany Jennie took If you telegraph Mr. Hardwick to meet us "Lord Donal Stirling-Lord D



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there I will introduce him to Sir James, and he will never have any more trouble in "I think," said the girl, looking down at the table cloth, "that I'd rather not have

Mr. Hardwick meet us. "Of course not," answered the man quick-"What was I thinking about? will be a family meeting, and we don't want any outsiders about, do we?"

Jennie laughed, but made no reply. They had a smooth and speedy passage across from Calais to Dover, and the train drew in at Charing Cross station exactly on time. Lord Donal recognized his uncle's brougham waiting for him, and on handing the young lady out of the railway carriage he espied the old man himself closely scrutinizing the passengers. Sir James, on catching sight of him, came eagerly forward and clasped both his nephew's hands. "Donal," he cried, "I am very glad indeed to see you! Is everything right?" "As right as can be, uncle.

"Then I am glad of that, too, for we have some very disquieting hints from the East. "They were quite justified, as I shall tell you later on; but, meanwhile, uncle, allow me to introduce to you Miss Baxter, who has done me the honor of promising to be my wife. Jennie blushed in the searching rays of

the electric light as the old man turned quickly toward her. Sir James held her hand in his for some moments before he spoke, gazing intently at her. Then said slowly, "Ah, Donal, Donal, you always had a keen eye for the beautiful." "Oh, I say!" cried the young man, abashed at his uncle's frankness. "I don't call that a diplomatic remark at all, you "Indeed, Sir James," said the girl, laugh-

ing merrily, "it is better than diplomatic; it is complimentary, and I assure you I appreciate it. The first time he met me he took me for quite another person.' "Then, whoever that person is, my dear, replied the old man, "I'll guarantee that she was a lovely woman, and you mustn't mind what I say; nobody else does; otherwise my boy Donal here would be much higher in the service than he is. But I am pleased to tell you that the journey he has

now finished will prove greatly to his advantage. "Indeed, uncle, that is true," said the young man, looking at his betrothed, "for on this journey I met again Miss Baxter, whom, to my great grief, I had lost track of for some time. And now, uncle, I want you to do me a great favor. Do you know Mr. Hardwick, editor of the Daily Bugle?"

"Yes, I know him, but I don't like him or his paper, either. "Well, neither do the Russians, for that matter, by this time, and I merely wish to tell you that if it hadn't been for his action and for the promptness of a member of his staff I should have failed in this mission. I was drugged by the Russian police and robbed. Miss Baxter, who was on the train, saw something of what was going forward and succeded most deftly in despoiling the robbers. I was lying insensible at the time and helpless. She secured the document and handed it back to me when we had crrossed the frontier, leaving in the hands of the Russians a similar envelope containing a copy of the Daily Bugle. Therefore, uncle, if in future you can do anything to oblige Mr. Hardwick, you will help in a asure to cancer family owes to him.

"My dear boy, I shall be delighted to do so. I am afraid I have been rather uncivil to him. If you wish it, I shall go at once and apologize to him. "Oh, no," cried Jennie, "you mustn't do that, but if you can help him without jeopardizing the service I for one would be very

"So should I," said Donal. The old man took out his card case and on the back of his card scribbled a most cordial invitation to Hardwick, asking him to call on him. He handed this to Jennie "Tell Mr: Hardwick that I shall be pleased to see him at any time.

"And now," said Lord Donal, "you must let us both escort you home in the carriage. "No. no. I shall take a hansom and will go directly to the office of the Bugle, for Mr. Hardwick will be there by this time.' "But we can drive you there." "No, please." She held out her hand to Sir James and said, with the least bit of hesitation before uttering the last word, "Good night-uncle.

"Good night, my dear," said the old man, "and God bless you," he added with a ten-derness which his appearance, so solemn and stately, left one unprepared for. Lord Donal saw his betrothed into a hansom, protesting all the while at thus having to allow her to go off unprotected. "What an old darling he is!" murmured Jennie, ignoring his protests. "I think if Mr. Hardwick had allowed me to look after the interests of the paper at the Foreign Office Sir James would not have snubbed

"If the Foreign Office dared to do such thing it would hear of something not to its advantage from the diplomatic service. And so, good night, my dear." And, with additions, the nephew repeated the benediction of the uncle.

Jennie drove directly to the office of the Daily Bugle and mounting the stairs entered the editorial rooms. She found Mr. Hardwick at his desk, and he sprang up quickly on seeing who his visitor was. "Ah, you have returned!" he cried. "You didn't telegraph to me; so I suppose that means failure. "I don't know, Mr. Hardwick. It all depends on whether or not your object was exactly what you told me it was." "And what was that? I think I told you that my desire was to get possession of the document which was being transmitted from St. Petersburg to London." "No; you said the object was the mollify-ing of old Sir James Cardiff, of the Foreign

"Exactly; that was the ultimate object, of course. "Very well. Read this card. Sir James gave it to me at Charing Cross station less than half an hour ago. The editor took the card, turned it over in his hands once or twice and read the cordial message which the old man had scribbled on the back of it. "Then you have succeeded!" cried Hard wick, "You got the document. But why did you give it to Sir James instead of letting

"That is a long story. To put it briefly it was because the messenger carrying the document was Lord Donal Stirling, who is -who is-an old friend of mine. Sir James is his uncle, and Lord Donal promised that he would persuade the old man to let othe newspapers have no advantages which he refused to the Daily Bugle. I did not give the document to Sir James. I gave it back

ing," mused the editor. "Where have I heard that name before? 'He is a member of the British embassy at St. Petersburg; so you may have seen

his name in the dispatches. 'No; he is not so celebrated as all that comes to. Ah, I remember now! I met the detective the other night and asked him if anything had come of that romance in high life to solve which he had asked your assistance. He said the search for the missing lady had been abandoned and mentioned the name of Lord Donal Stirling as the foolish young man who had been engaged in the pursuit of the unknown Jennie colored at this and drew hersel

up indignantly. "Before you say anything further against Lord Donal," she cried hotly, "I beg to inform you that he and I are to be married. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the editor icily. "Then, having failed to find the other girl, he speedily consoled himself by -"There was no other girl! I was the per son Mr. Cadbury Taylor was in search of willingly gave him valuable assistance in the task of failing to find myself. Having | Puck. only a stupid man to deal with, I had little

difficulty in accomplishing my purpose

Neither Mr. Taylor nor Mr. Hardwick ever suspected that the missing person was in their own employ "Well, I am blessed!" ejaculated Hardwick. "So you baffled Cadbury Taylor in searching for yourself, as you baffled me in getting hold of the Russian letter. It seems to me Miss Baxter, that where your own inclinations do not coincide with the wishes of your employers the interests of those who pay you fall to the ground. "Mr. Cadbury Taylor didn't pay me any

thing for my services as amateur detective and he has, therefore, no right to grumble As for the St. Petersburg trip, I shall send you a check for all expenses incurred as soon as I reach home. "Oh, you mistake me," asserted Mr Hardwick earnestly. "I had no thought of even hinting that you have not earned over

and over again all the money the Daily Bugle has paid you; besides, I was longing for your return, for I want your assistance in solving a mystery that has rather puzzled us all. Paris is in a turmoil just now over Jennie's clear laugh rang out

"I am going over to Paris in a day or wo, Mr. Hardwick, to solve the mystery of dressmaking, and I think, from what know of it already, it will require my whole attention. I must insist on returning to you the cost of the St. Petersburg journey, for after all, it proved to be a rather personal excursion, and I couldn't think of allowing the paper to pay for it. I merely came in to-night to hand you this card from Sir James Cardiff, and I also desire to tender to you personally my resignation, and so must bid you good-bye, Mr. Hardwick," said the girl, holding out her hand, "and I thank you very much, indeed, for having given me a chance to work on your paper. Before the editor could reply she was one, and that good man sat down in his chair bewildered by the suddenness of it all the room looking empty and dismal, lacking her presence. "Confound Lord Donal!" he muttered un der his breath, and then, as an editor should, he went on impassively with his night's

It was intended that be rather a quiet affair, but circumstances proved too strong for the young people Lord Donal was very popular, and the bride was very beautiful. Sir James thought it necessary to invite a great many people, and he intimated to Lord Donal that a highly placed personage desired to honor the function with his presence, and thus the event created quite a little flutter in society. The society papers affirmed that this elevated personage had been particularly pleased by some diplomatic service which ord Donal had recently rendered him, but then, of course, one can never believe what one reads in the society press. However, the man of elevated rank was there, and so people said that perhaps there might be omething in the rumor. Naturally there was a great turn-out of ambassadors and ninisters, and their presence gave color and dignity to the crush at St. George's, Hanover square. The Princess Von Steinheimer made a special journey from Vienna to attend, and on this occasion she brought the prince with her. The general opinion was that the bridegroom was a very noble looking fellow and that the bride in her sumptuous wedding apparel was quite too lovely

for anything. The princess was exceedingly bright and gay, and she chatted with her old friends the ambassadors from Austria and America. "I'm so sorry," she said to the ambassador from America, "that I did not have time o speak with you at the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball, but I was compelled to leave early. You should have come to me sooner The count here was much more galiant. We had a most delightful conversation, hadn't we, count? I was with Lord Donal, you re-

"Oh, yes!" replied the aged Austrian, bow-ing low. "I shall not soon forget the charming conversation I had with your Highness, and I hope you, on your part, have not forgotten the cordial invitation you gave me to visit again your castle at Meran." "Indeed, count, you know very well how glad I am to see you at any time, either n Vienna or at Meran. The American ambassador remained silent and glanced alternately from the bride to the princess with a puzzled expression on The mystery of the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball proved too much for him, as the search for the missing lady had proved

too much for Mr. Cadbury Taylor. Not Working. Washington Star.

"What's the matter?" inquired the visitor at Paris. "I never saw the streets so quiet and orderly.' "Ah, monsieur," answered the profession al agitator, "these are indeed troublous imes. The mob has gone on a strike."

At last we tread together, you and I; Yet never seemed so swift until to-day— Your heart conjectures why. hundred times my ears have heard the song Of bird and wind we, listening, make our own; Yet never seemed its notes so pure and strong

hundred times my feet have trod the way,

When I was here alone! hundred times I thought, "How fair to see The young grass is, and ev'ry leafy bough!"
How beautiful the wintry world might be I never guess'd till now.

and if—ah! if we two must part again, And on our soiltary journeys go. I shall be thankful, even in my pain, That love has bless'd me so.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Terrible Affair.

Chicago Record. "That cut Clarence up dreadfully." "What did?" "His horse shied at a dress-suit case."

His Status.

Askington-Poor Gabbleby doesn't appear to have any too much sense, does he? greatest since prosperity returned to the Grimshaw-No; his lack of brains seems almost inexhaustible.

Clever. "She has actually made over her las

year's bathing dress.

something out of nothing." One-hundred-and-third Regiment of the His Handicap. line, quartered in Algiers, has just passed Musington (meditatively)-With all the

"Well, it isn't every girl that can make

beauties of Eden about him, I wonder Adam Teller-Well, you see, Adam wasn't born.

Ethel-Ah! Two souls with but a single thought! Rupert-Yes; she loves him for all she's worth, and he loves her for all she's worth,

Mrs. Henry Peck-First we get horseless carriages and then wireless telegraphy.

The World Do Move.

wonder what next? Her Husband (meekly)-Wifeless matrimony, perhaps. Unhappily Expressed.

She (who did not know they were to meet)

Why, Mr. Brown, this is a pleasant sur-He (who did)-I can't altogether say that it is so to me, Miss Jones.

Practical Arithmetic. Edith (showing her smart little brother to her new beau)-Now, Tommy, you have counted up to eleven; tell me what comes

Tommy-Pop in his stocking-feet. Summer Girl (at popular bathing resort)

Experienced Aunt-No, dear, it is not salt water. But you are so very fresh, you

-This must be salt water. I can almost float

A Western Solon. Prosecuting Attorney (Frozen Dog)-Your honor, the sheriff's bull pup has gone and chawed up the court Bible. Judge-Well, make the witness kiss the

bull pup, then. We can't adjourn court for

a week jest to hunt up a new Bible.

Chicago Tribune,

Making Home Happy. Chicago Times-Herald. He-It is said that people who laugh live His Fourth Wife-That may account for the fact that you have been a widower so often if the poor things who preceded me

had no more chances to laugh than I have.

A Possible Danger.

Uncle Sam-Don't you think I'm getting more like you every day? John Bull-You are, my boy, and I am "What's that?" "We may grow so much alike that we will

love the same things." Cause and Effect.

"How did you catch that cold?" asked And the orchestra, with a beautiful appreclation of the everlasting unfitness of things, played "There'll Be a Hot Time,"

Realistic Playing.

Petted Daughter-They asked me to play at Mrs. Highup's this evening, and I did, Fond Mother (proudly)-Were they entranced? Petted Daughter-Hum! When I played Life on the Ocean Wave with variations half of them left the room. Fond Mother-That's wonderful. They must have been seasick.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

It is estimated that about 400,000 acres of

land in the United States are planted with Warren C. Coleman, of Concord, N. C., is the richest colored man in the South. His income is invested in cotton mills. Among birds the swan lives to be the old-

est, in extreme cases reaching 500 years; the

falcon has been known to live over 162 Kansas has two head of cattle, one hog ne-third of a horse, and one-fifth of heep for every man, woman and child in A missionary paper reports that the oppo-sition to the Natural Foot Society in China

omes chiefly from the women, who are

e-fifth more milk if soothed during milk-

afraid to go against fashion. More than three-fourths of the coffee im-Mexico supplied more than 3,000,000 ounds in January of this year. In Switzerland a milkmaid gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it has been discovered that a cow will yield

ing by melody. Whenever the Stonewall Jackson Camp of Confederate Veterans, at Staunton, Va.,

monies. The Grand Army man on such occasions wears his uniform and badges, and he is always treated by the Confederates as a brother. Although one-half of the rubber product

of the forests along the Amazon goes to

the United States most of the steamers, wharves and banking houses in the region belong to the English. In ten years American life insurance comvanies have doubled their assets, the amount rising from \$657,128,642 in 1888 to \$1,344,901,198 in 1898. The increase has been decidedly the

country. A Whangarei (New Zealand) youth who advertised for a wife was amazed to find among the replies letters from two of his sisters, with photos inclosed. In this case the mania for matrimonial alliances seems to have been quite a family disorder.

A French soldier of twenty-one, named

Servand, who is at present serving in the

in brilliant fashion his final examination for his degree of doctor of mathematical Compared with the enormous capital of some of the English banks the largest American institutions dwindle into insignificance. The National Provincial England has \$79,000,000; Bank of England,

The railroads of Australia have never discovered that it is possible to take up tickets on the train, hence the passengers are locked in the cars, to prevent any of them stealing a ride, and when they arrive at their station are hustled out through a turnstile and held

up for their tickets.

\$73,000,000; London and Westminster Bank,

The most curious place in the world is the Alhambra, Spain. It was originally a fortress, so great in extent as to be capable of holding 40,000 men. It was begun in 1248 and finished in 1314. It contains numerous halls and courts, all decorated in the highest style of Moorish art. Thurso bay, in the north of Scotland, is

having trouble with whales. A large sch of bottle-nose whales was recently stranded in the shoals of the bay and driven on the beach. There is no way of hauling them off, so that Thurso people must hold their noses for a good part of the summer. Copper has risen and aluminimum de clined until the price of the two metals is

almost the same. One pound of aluminium

is equivalent to two of copper in carrying electrical energy, and, if it were as easy to work and solder, would probably displace copper to a considerable extent. Bishop Hendrix, in a recent letter, said; 'Methodism to-day preaches the gospel in nore tongues than were spoken in the whole Roman Empire in her proudest days; and

her children taken together in all lands out-

number the entire hosts of Christianity at

the end of the first two centuries." A writer in the German scientific periodical Prometheus declares that overindulgence in tobacco will prove the ruin of South American people. Not only do chil-dren of two or three years smoke all day long, but mothers have been seen trying to quiet their bables by putting cigars to their mouths.

in the United States last year, and a prop-

erty loss of \$1,441,880. Few of the deaths oc-

curred in cities. The annual number of thunderstorms at given localities in this country averages between thirty-five and forty-five. The maximum is in the Southeastern States. The Buddhists in Ceylon are now energetically preaching that the end of the world will come this year, with the result that the faithful see that it would be mere waste of

time to grow rice or in any way provide for

Lighting caused the death of 367

the wants of next year, and are instead giving their minds seriously to a pilgrimage to Anuradhapura. Prussian military experiments show that severe muscular exertion renders the blood very poor in sugar, and that sugar renders tired muscles capable of renewed exertion, while saccharine is far less beneficial. A similar impression prevails in Kentucky,

where the sugar is mingled with mint and other ingredients. The law in Paris forbids the posses of more than one dog, and a Mme. De Pouy has been condemned to five days' imprisonment and a fine of \$1 for having violated the commandment. The madame was very proud of her four pretty pups, which she neglected or refused to drown, and hence

An octogenarian club has been organized in Kenwood, Ill. The idea was suggested by Mrs. De L'Armitage. There are fifteen members of the club, their ages ranging from eighty to eighty-seven years. The members enjoy the club hugely, spending

most of the time discussing events in the first half of the century. My Mother's Picture. How many times as through the room I hasten, Without a thought of other days at all,

lift my eyes and, straightway, I am standing Before her picture, hanging on the wall. Almost it seems her pleasant voice is calling, And I would fain to answer, "Yes, I hear;

No answer comes; I hush my breath to listen, But still the eyes, with patient, steadfast gaze Look into mine. They pierce through flesh and I bow my head and blush beneath their rays.

For she is wise with wisdom that appalls me;

The solemn secrets of the grave she knows;

And high o'er'me, by God's own hand uplifted, Through wondrous ways of His great heaven she goas-Beyond all change, and safe from time's muta-And grieved no more by earth's forlorn co Thou pictured face-dear semblance

So far! so far! Once if I faintly called you Or laughed, or wept, you were so quick to All else might fail, my mother's love was certain; Now, dring e'en, your touch I must forego. Thou there, I here; and I know not what spaces, Beyond the grave's green width, divide us two; Nor of the times uncounted and unmeasured,

Some time, somewhere, when His great will be

All earthly sounds shall be to me as stience, If you will speak, O mother, mother dear."

How dost thou look among the crowned saints!

That must go o'er me, ere I look on you. But I am coming. I shall find you, mother,

turns out to bury a comrade, as it did recently, a veteran of the civil war who fought on the Union side falls in with the procession and participates in the cere—Elien E. Gates, in the Christian Intelligencer.